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in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the price
for \$2,000, and more millions are
made annually out of the invention.

HELEN LAKEMAN;
—on—

The Story of a Young Girl's Strug-
gle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MURKIN.
"THE BANNER OF BEDFORD,"
"WALTER BROWNE," ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Warren's face turned red. Why had the peddler alluded to her? Did he observe the look of dismay upon the face of his parents when he returned from church with her the night before?

"I'll tell ye, Warren," said the peddler, in a low tone, "I don't blame ye one doggon bit—providen' yer in earnest; but lem me tell ye somethin'—if ye go to breakin' that gal's heart, yer meaner than a feller who peddles brass earrings or pine medicine. She's a good gal, Warren, with an 'all-wool' heart—there's no cotton chain or fillin' about her—she's no cheat an' as good as gold."

Pete had a habit of rating people as he did his merchandise. Having spent all his life in a certain trade it became a part of his language, and a part of himself.

Warren felt like a criminal; he asked himself in his own mind whether he was a sinner or not. He knew that he could not get his parents' consent to his marriage with her, and he had not really obtained his own. Perhaps this feeling was only sympathetic and interest in the poor girl.

"Pete," he said, "who was it that wrung this girl? who robbed her of her home, the Plumber place?"

"Why the man who owns it now—old Jim Arnold."

"How was it done?"

"Done, it was one o' them steals which is done in court. Ye see, when Mr. Lakeman died, he was but little known. There was a security debt of five hundred dollars against him, an old Jim Arnold bought it. Well, ye see, Arnold got a thief named Smith, administrator, a regular cheat, with 'cotton chain an' toe fillin'; then they went to lawin' this five-hundred-dollar claim, an' spent all the personal property doin' it. There warn't enough to pay funeral expenses an' doctor bills though Mr. Lakeman were well fixed when he died. After that was settled a guardian was appointed for the two children, who, of course, were 'tilled to a homestead.' Well, the guardian was off the same piece o' cloth as the administrator. It was the Arnolds. Why had he not visited their house more frequently since his return?

"I declare, he hasn't been to see Halle, but once since he came back," said Mrs. Arnold, raising her head high in order to look under her spectacles, and said: "Oh do you talk so talk so, it is wicked," and bursting into tears broke away from him and ran to the kitchen.

Warren had the opposition of his parents, he had the sympathy of his sweet, though mischievous, sister Rose. She was quick to discern her brother's fondness for Helen, and already knowing her good qualities resolved her to church against her protest. On the way home she sought to avoid conversation with him, but as they paused at the rear gate he caught her hand and said:

"Helen, I love you, I can't help it; I don't care if the whole world knows it. Do you love me in return?"

She cast a frightened, appealing glance at his face, full of mild entreaty, and said: "Oh do you talk so talk so, it is wicked," and bursting into tears broke away from him and ran to the kitchen.

"Do you know the talk that is going round about Warren?"

"No," answered Mrs. Stuart, in surprise. The two ladies were alone, and Mrs. Arnold moved her chair up a little nearer to her neighbor and said:

"People say he's going to marry."

"Marry—marry who?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"Your hired girl." There was just the least contempt in the answer.

"It's false; I don't believe it," said Mrs. Stuart, with indignation.

"Now, Mrs. Stuart, I want you to forgive me if I seem to be meddlin' with your family affairs, but there is no reason for taking astronomical observations. He has crossed the ocean by his wife fast asleep on the confines of Kamtschatka, close to the fence without a buffalo robe, and the thermometer nowhere said much about it."

Some nights when he can't sleep he goes out and roams about the world, and if the night is very dark he sometimes gets lost and can't tell for the life of him whether he is in America or on the Pacific Ocean, and no means of getting back to his ship, he has crossed by his wife fast asleep on the confines of Kamtschatka, close to the fence without a buffalo robe, and the thermometer nowhere said much about it."

"What do you mean?" asked the terrified Mrs. Stuart. "Please tell me what it is."

"Well, there is danger of Warren being carried away by that girl."

"Who, Helen?"

"Yes, Helen. I know she seems very nice, and all that, that she is devoted to her little brother and excites your sympathy, but can't you see she's playing a deep game. She's doin' all this to entrap your son. I know her."

"Do you know any wrong of her?"

"Well, she is no better than she ought to be. I know that," said Mrs. Arnold, holding a needle before her, and trying to thrust a sharp point through it, "that Mrs. Stuart can't see what her son is doing. Mighty little use for them to send a boy through college if he's comin' back home to run him off away on a dish-washer."

"Well, it's a strange thing to me," said Mrs. Arnold, holding a needle before her, and trying to thrust a sharp point through it, "that Mrs. Stuart can't see what her son is doing. Mighty little use for them to send a boy through college if he's comin' back home to run him off away on a dish-washer."

"Let him marry her if he wants to, nobody cares," said Halle, who was doing some fine embroidery work.

"Well, now, Halle, that's not the way to talk about these matters. If I had a son and he was about to think himself away on some poor trash I'd thank anybody to come and tell me in his name."

"Why, how could this be done?"

"See, Arnold owned the lawyers in town, the probate judge, too."

"Why was it not appealed to a higher court?"

"It was, an' there they found the rottenest goods in the whole pack; the lower court might not had any better sense, but the other judge he was—well he was bought just like a piece o' calico, an' he's shoddy goods at that. He sold it all to be regular, an' dismissed the appeal!" Another lawyer tried to take it to the Supreme Court, but you see the administrator's lawyer, an' the guardians' lawyer, who were shoddy goods, come in an' dismissed the whole thing."

"And those poor children were swindled."

"Yes; worse swindled than they'd be by a second-hand clothing merchant in Chatham street, New York."

The remainder of the drive to town was made in silence, and Warren returned alone. His mind was busy. This girl then was not of low parentage, though her occupation was humble. Humble—it was not noble? He resolved to know more of Helen Lakeman.

CHAPTER V.
ADOPTING MRS. ARNOLD'S PLAN

Mrs. Arnold felt not a little annoyed at the interview with Mrs. Arnold. She dismissed any thought of evil on Helen's part, save perhaps a desire to marry into a good family and secure a home for herself and brother. She could not blame the poor girl for that, for she had a hard time, I know, but then she didn't want her marrying into their family, and especially the son of whom she was so proud. Now, if she should marry Clarence, it might do Clarence was to be a plain farmer, and Helen would make "some farmer a good wife," but Warren had been sent to college, he had a profession and must look higher than a hired girl. He must marry some lady from the city or town. The soliloquy of Mrs. Stuart was about as reasonable as the sophomores' dreams of mother sometimes are.

When she spoke to her husband about the matter that night, he became furious and declared that Helen Lakeman should leave the place.

"She shall go at once," the farmer said. "I have been observing with what a skillful hand she has drawn her about Warren. She shall not have him."

"I do not think Helen is to blame."

"You don't?" snapped the angry father, as though he blamed his wife for the mischief that had already been done. "Well, then, Mrs. Stuart, I can see her scheme, and Warren's a fool not to see them, too."

"But don't mistreat Helen, Jacob," said Mrs. Stuart. "I can't help but pity the poor girl."

"I did pity her, but I don't now."

"That is the thanks we get for having anything to do with such onery trash."

"Yes, and have them say are meddling with other people's business," said Halle, tears of indignation rising in her eyes.

Halle was in fact almost in despair. She had struggled so long to get the "best catch" in Sandy Fork in her net, and to crush out the image of Warren Stuart from her heart, and also to blot out the memory of that moonlight walk to church. We all know how hard it is to forget that which is pleasant to remember. In trying to reason with herself that she should forget Warren, she was constantly bringing his image before her mind. The pleasure of remembering that pleasure was always attended with pain. But Helen had all-powerful panaceas to mental troubles in ambitious work. There was enough to keep her mind and hands busy. Then all her hours of recreation were spent with her afflicted brother. If she found herself dreaming ambitious dreams in which Warren Stuart was her hero, she immediately banished them from her mind, and applied herself industriously to her household duties. Warren frequently of an evening came to the rear porch, with a book or paper, for he said it was the coolest place, being on the east side of the house, which formed the kitchen; but somehow Warren never read his book or paper, but spent his time in talking with Helen, or amusing Amos. The little cripple quite fond of him, and used to call him frequently against the protests of his sister, who blushed profusely in spite of herself when Warren came.

The afternoons were usually employed by Helen in sewing for Mrs. Stuart, for she was "handy with the needle." Nearly every afternoon found Warren there also, unless his father and mother devised some plan to keep him away.

Poor Helen—she was blamed; al-

though she did nothing to encourage the young physician.

Mr. Stuart said he thought when he sent Warren to college it would make him know more than ordinary mortals,

but where a pretty face was concerned he was about as big a fool as any other boy.

Deluded man, did he suppose love could be educated out of the human heart, and did he suppose he could add one atom of wisdom to a love-sick youth?

Warren's parents did not forbid his frequent attentions to Helen in direct words; they were too wise for that; but they did every thing they could to discourage them, and tried to find something for him to do to keep him away from the kitchen. Mr. Stuart grew sullen, and even cross, to the little crippled boy whom he had fondly and petted before. Mrs. Stuart, good woman, was kind to both Helen and her little brother. She knew it was not the poor girl's fault.

Helen was quick to perceive that Warren's manner toward her was causing his parents uneasiness, and appreciated the fact that a hired girl for a daughter-in-law fell far below the ambition of the Stuarts. She kept away from church for two Sabbaths, and when she went on the third, Warren, who had set parental vigilance at defiance, overtook her and accompanied her to church against her protest. On the way home she sought to avoid conversation with him, but as they paused at the rear gate he caught her hand and said to speak to this quiet, self-possessed youth?

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN,

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1887.
CHAS. M. MEACHAM - Editor.

Gov. R. L. Taylor, of Tennessee, was inaugurated yesterday at Nashville.

Nathan Bloom, of Bamberger, Bloom & Co., one of the leading firms of Louisville, died Friday, aged 61 years.

Gen. W. B. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, United States Army, died at Washington last Sunday in the 75th year of his age.

Gooden, the negro representative in the Tennessee Legislature from Fayette county, was formerly a slave of Dr. Harwell, the representative from Giles county.

Gen. Jos. R. Hawley has been nominated by the Republicans of the Connecticut Assembly for U. S. Senator. The Legislature is Republican by 31 majority on joint ballot.

Rev. Steve P. Holcombe, the converted gambler and evangelist, Louisville, was knocked down and brutally assaulted at his house Sunday night by three unknown toughs, who called and demanded a reason for the discharge of a servant. The men escaped.

The next Legislature will be asked by sportsmen to pass a law protecting birds absolutely for three years in the state of Kentucky. Game is getting so scarce that without a law of this kind to protect them, the birds will soon be almost entirely exterminated.

Thos. J. Clouverius, the young lawyer convicted of the seduction and murder of his cousin, Miss Fannie Lillian Madison, about two years ago, was hanged at Richmond, Va., Friday, after many delays and postponements. He died protesting his innocence of the crime.

The Paducah News issued a man-made double number last week profusely illustrated with the pictures of important buildings and prominent citizens and officials of Paducah. It was a very creditable paper and we congratulate our contemporary upon its enterprise and the success of its undertaking.

The Republicans of the Illinois Legislature have nominated Hon. Cas. B. Farwell, a millionaire merchant of Chicago, to succeed Senator Jas. A. Logan. The Democratic nomination was given to Hon. W. R. Morrison. Farwell will be elected this week, as the Legislature is Republican on joint ballot.

The "Upper Table Rock" of Niagara Falls, the favorite resting place of visitors on the Cana's side, fell last Thursday with a deafening crash into the seething waters below. It was 1,000 feet long, 60 feet wide and 170 feet thick, and 103,000 yards of rock is calculated to have fallen. It broke loose on account of the unusual accumulations of ice. The government iron railing for 150 feet was carried away by the falling limestone.

Senator W. C. Whithorne, now serving by appointment, has been nominated for Senator for the short term by the Democrats of the Tennessee Legislature. The fight for the long term is now going on with Bate, Marks, House, Sneed and Rose competing for the caucus nomination. The struggle between the two first named is so fierce that the chances favor the nomination of one of the dark horses, probably House, of Clarksville.

A cranky young woman named Van Zandt, wants to marry August Spies, one of the condemned anarchists at Chicago, who is now in jail awaiting execution. She claims to have fallen in love with him during his trial. She is worth \$300,000 in money, but seems to be lacking in what the doctors call "gray matter" in her upper story. The wedding was set for to-day, but the clerk has refused to issue license, upon the ground that a convicted felon cannot lawfully contract marriage.

Miss Lucy Stanley, of Indiana, has been chosen Queen of the Gypsies of the United States, which position was made vacant by the death of her sister, Miss Anna Stanley, at Jackson, Mich., Dec. 30. The new Queen owns valuable property in Ohio and Indiana. She will be crowned with much ceremony at Dayton, Ohio, when the bands get together next fall. She is 19 years old, fairly well educated and prepossessing in appearance. Her headquarters will be two miles from Evansville.

Both parties made nominations for Senator at Indianapolis last week. The Democrats nominated Judge David Turpie and the Republicans re-nominated Senator Benj. Harrison. The Lieutenant Governorship matter was to reach a decision in the courts yesterday, Smith still holding on to the office. The Republicans in the House unseated Meagher, Dem., and seated Dickinson, Rep., from Vigo county, Friday, leaving 75 to 75 on joint ballot. The Democrats will probably expel the 19 Republican members of the Senate in a body, for their conduct in claiming to be the Senate in the alleged joint session held by the Republicans. The vote for Senator will be taken to-morrow and the chances are there will be a split in the Legislature and two Senators elected. There is no telling how the middle will finally be settled.

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PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Lecturer's Department National Grange.

MORTIMER WHITFIELD,
(Middleton, N. J.)

The Grange has made the farmer a thinker; it has made him a man demanding his rights; it has enlarged his views; it has developed his talents; aroused his social nature; made him better morally; brightened his life; beautified his home; increased his income; kept his boys and girls on the farm; given him an honored place among men, and is fast securing him just rights. Yes, the Grange has a vast influence for good.

During the discussion in Congress a few days since of the bill creating a Department of Agriculture and Labor, with its head as a member of the President's Cabinet, Mr. W. H. Hatch of Missouri, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, made a telling speech, in which he used these words, "So long as I hold a seat on this floor my voice will be raised in behalf of that great body of people who have demanded through every organization known to agriculture in this country that this bill should pass the Congress of the United States. Agriculture has in the United States few organizations. We have an organization in this county known as the Grange. It has a national organization and it has State, county and local organizations. For the past ten years it has spoken at everyone of its meetings for the passage of this bill."

PROGRESS.

New Grange.—Ashland, No. 811, Schuykill county, Pa.

Excelsior Grange, No. 5, of Maine, has 150 members, fine hall, dining room and store connected; 79 horse stalls in a large stable. Has initiated 33 members this past year and is in a strong, healthy condition.

At a farmers' club meeting recently held in Nebraska, it was unanimously resolved to change the club into a Grange, and word was sent to National Deputy Whitney to come and perform the work.

Within one week National Deputy Lecturer Whitney has reorganized five Granges in Minnesota, and more are nearly ready to do the same thing.

At the late meeting of the Vermont State Grange all the officers were present and 83 delegates. The Secretary's report showed that there are in the State 56 Subordinate and 7 Provincial Granges with a total membership of 2,000. Active campaign work is now going on in Vermont.

Brother J. H. Brigham, Master of the Ohio State Grange, writes; "We had a grand gathering at the State Grange and I think the cause has been materially advanced there in Ohio.

The Executive Committee and Secretary of the National Grange have laid before Congress and its appropriate committees the various resolutions and reports of the National Grange, referring to legislation by Congress.

"Then, forward, fearless, onward, Till our destined task be done, With the eye of Hope cast onward, Our toll be left begun."

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

Jas. McElroy, the Henderson murderer, convicted last week, was sentenced to hang May 13.

Caroline Owsley, col., had her house burned at Stanford and one of her children was destroyed in the fire.

W. D. Hamilton, proprietor of the champion flouring mills, was killed by the machinery in his mill at Fairmouth.

The last saloon license in Logan has expired and the county is now as dry as the prohibition law can make it.

Jno. B. Wadlington, Sheriff elect of Caldwell county, failed to give bond and Judge Allen has appointed Wm. Coleman to fill the office.

The editor of the Muhlenberg Echo writes five inches of double lead editorial matter to puffing one of the night policemen of Greenville.

The Coteaux and White Earth Country.

Prospect Butte is twenty-eight miles west of Minot, Dakota, and its dome-shaped summit can be seen for miles around. It marks the eastern line of the Fort Stevenson Indian Reservation, and seems to have been an objective point for the engineers of the new line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, for they nearly all converge on the north side of the butte, where the road is now graded and ready for the rails.

We ascended the butte and found the view from the summit very fine. To the north is the grassy plain extending to the DeLacs River, twenty-two miles to the eastward the Mouse river, and the wondrous fertile intervening plain reaching to its base, while to the south and west are the Coteaux, a confused mass of stony hills, set down apparently without the slightest order or regularity. Lakes are very numerous in the Coteaux, seventeen being in view from the summit of the butte alone. For the next eighteen miles our way lies through these Coteaux. We find them well covered with grass, while the intervals between their bases are either occupied by lakes, or natural hay meadows. These lakes vary in size from five to five hundred acres, and are filled with the purest and best of water. With its perfect shelter, abundance of grass and water, this will certainly be a paradise for the stockman. This kind of country continued for an hour or so, when suddenly, the hills broke down into gentle undulations and then into a smooth level plain extending for

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The Inter-State Commerce Bill.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]
December 29, 1886.

If the Reagan bill should become an alleged law, the railroads could not, of course, fix their local rates to conform to the long-haul rates, and therefore the vast business of cheap transportation for long distances would be annihilated, and local rates would be put up to supply the deficiency.

The tendency would be to drive the railroad to the edge of the country, Chicago could get along, owing to her water transportation. The sea-coast cities would be least troubled, because they have the coasting trade. Mr. Reagan's town of Galveston would profit, by having the business of Texas forced through port The interior cities—Cincinnati, Kansas City, and St. Louis—would be squeezed.

Our advantages of central position in Cincinnati would be turned against us. Mr. Harley Proctor, of Proctor & Gamble, said, yesterday, that if ever the Reagan bill became a law, there would never be another stone laid in the improvement at Ivorydale. The question was whether it would not be well to stop now, and see whether this astonishing legislation must be perpetuated.

The Reagan bill is to force the country back into the old rut of business—to prevent the use of the rapid transit of vast masses of freight across the country, to compel by national law a system of petty and tyrannous provincialism, to make State lines barriers against commerce, to bind up the business of the country in sectional parcels, and to enable the professional politicians, through commissioners, to bleed the business of the country.

The ignorance displayed on this vast and vital subject by members of Congress is something shocking. The average intelligence among members of Congress is, that it would be a good piece of demagogery for a member to vote for an Inter-State commerce bill. There is a demand by the yaws for some further meddling by Congress with business, and this bill would seem to meet the demand, and therefore half the members of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, have been ready to vote for a desolating discrimination against the cities of their own States, without the slightest information of knowledge of the astounding sweep of the legislation proposed.

If such a law were enacted, it would not stand. It would bring hard times upon the country, and crush the noisy idiots in Congress who had blunderingly set a trap for themselves.

Spring Humors.

You are afflicted with eruptions of the skin, pimples, blotches, or slight sores that will not heal, your blood is bad and full of impurities. You need Dr. Jackson's Root and Herb Cordial, which is an unending remedy for any disease of the blood or system. Do you feel weak, debilitated, all fire out of feverish, or in poor spirits? Dr. Jackson's Cordial, it will enliven your blood, strengthen your system and restore it to the natural buoyancy of your spirits. Sold by J. R. Armistead, Hopkinsville Ky., at \$1.00 per bottle.

FIRE IN THE PENITENTIARY.

The Convicts Not Hurt and Escaped.

FRANKFORT, KY., Jan. 15.—At 8:30 P. M. fire was discovered in the large building of the penitentiary for the manufacture of wood-ware. The fire was communicated from the engine room. The entire building and contents were destroyed. The convicts were locked in their cells and no effort to escape was made.

W. D. Haughton, proprietor of the champion flouring mills, was killed by the machinery in his mill at Fairmouth.

The last saloon license in Logan has expired and the county is now as dry as the prohibition law can make it.

Jno. B. Wadlington, Sheriff elect of Caldwell county, failed to give bond and Judge Allen has appointed Wm. Coleman to fill the office.

The editor of the Muhlenberg Echo writes five inches of double lead editorial matter to puffing one of the night policemen of Greenville.

The Coteaux and White Earth Country.

Prospect Butte is twenty-eight miles west of Minot, Dakota, and its dome-shaped summit can be seen for miles around. It marks the eastern line of the Fort Stevenson Indian Reservation, and seems to have been an objective point for the engineers of the new line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, for they nearly all converge on the north side of the butte, where the road is now graded and ready for the rails.

We ascended the butte and found the view from the summit very fine. To the north is the grassy plain extending to the DeLacs River, twenty-two miles to the eastward the Mouse river, and the wondrous fertile intervening plain reaching to its base, while to the south and west are the Coteaux, a confused mass of stony hills, set down apparently without the slightest order or regularity. Lakes are very numerous in the Coteaux, seventeen being in view from the summit of the butte alone. For the next eighteen miles our way lies through these Coteaux. We find them well covered with grass, while the intervals between their bases are either occupied by lakes, or natural hay meadows. These lakes vary in size from five to five hundred acres, and are filled with the purest and best of water. With its perfect shelter, abundance of grass and water, this will certainly be a paradise for the stockman. This kind of country continued for an hour or so, when suddenly, the hills broke down into gentle undulations and then into a smooth level plain extending for

How is your blood? Green's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, guaranteed to cure. Price \$1.00. For sale by G. E. Gaither.

Catarrh can be permanently cured by Green's Golden Balm. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. For sale by G. E. Gaither.

Green's Electric Oil Liniment, sure cure for all aches and pains. Never fails. Guaranteed to cure ague, chills, biliousness and malarial fever. Try Price 50 cents. For sale by G. E. Gaither.

Green's Anti-Bilious and Liver Compound and Ague Cure never fails. Guaranteed to cure ague, chills, biliousness and malarial fever. Try Price 50 cents. For sale by G. E. Gaither.

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1887.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

L. & N. Railroad.

DEPART SOUTHERN 1:45 and 6:35 A. M.; 5:02 P. M.
ARRIVE AT NEW YORK 10:34 A. M.; 5:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH 10:34 A. M.; 5:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH 1:45 A. M.; 6:35 P. M.

John W. Logsdon, Agent, Hopkinsville, Ky.

POST OFFICE—West Main Street, bet. 5th and 6th Streets.

Open for letters, stamp—A. M. to 9 P. M.

“ money orders—6 A. M. to 5 P. M.

“ delivery, Sundays—2:30 to 10:30 P. M.

SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,

10th street, near Main.

Open 24 hr., 5 to 7 P. M.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

WESTERN UNION—Up stairs corner Main and 6th Streets. Mrs. Mandie and Miss Park, operators.

BALTIMORE & OHIO—Up stairs corner Main and 6th Streets. A. H. Smyser, operator.

For Louisville, Chesapeake & Ohio Route.

No. 1, Lv. Hopkinsville, L. N., 10:34 A. M.

Arr. Louisville, 11:30 A. M.

Lv. Louisville, C. O., 11:30 A. M.; 8:35 P. M.

Arr. Lexington, 12:30 P. M.; 9:30 P. M.

Connections at Louisville for all points East and for the Virginia and the Southeast.

Lv. Hopkinsville, L. N., 10:34 P. M.

Arr. Nortonville, 11:30 A. M.

Lv. Nortonville, C. O., 11:30 A. M.; 8:35 P. M.

Arr. Paducah, 12:30 P. M.; 9:30 P. M.

Arr. Paducah, 12:30 P. M.; 9:30 P. M.

Arr. Fulton, Ill. Cen., 7:30 A. M.; 9:45 P. M.

Arr. Memphis, 1:30 P. M.; 9:30 A. M.

Lv. Memphis, 4:30 P. M.

Arr. Vicksburg, 11:30 A. M.

Arr. Baton Rouge, 6:30 A. M.

Arr. New Orleans, 6:30 A. M.

No. 2, Lv. Louisville Building Supplies Cars to

Vicksburg and New Orleans without charge.

Connects for all points in Texas, Arizona and California.

SOCIALITIES.

Col. J. O. Foard left the city yesterday for Earlinton.

W. T. Radford, of Pembroke, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Mattie Hickman is visiting Mrs. S. H. Sullivan, in Elton.

Frank P. Cook, of Birmingham, is home for a few days on a visit.

Miss Vic Meacham, of Believel, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Bettie Mobley, of Todd county, is visiting Miss Mattie Reece.

Mr. F. S. Beaumont, of Pembroke, returned from Louisville, Saturday.

Mr. W. J. Dulin, of Earlinton, was in the city Saturday and Sunday.

Hon. Jas. A. McKenzie passed through the city yesterday, enroute to Oak Grove.

The spring term of South Kentucky College will begin on Tuesday, January 25th. New pupils are urged to be on hand promptly to be classified at the beginning of the term.

Forest Cheatham, a colored boy, was arrested Sunday afternoon, on a charge of attempting to burglarize Mr. G. W. West's grocery store on Virginia street. His trial is set for 9 o'clock, to-day.

James Parker, a well known citizen of the Antioch neighborhood, died yesterday morning and will be buried to-day at the family burying ground near the Asylum. He was about 50 years of age.

Very few snows have fallen in this latitude this winter. The farmers are complaining on account of the wheat, while the rest of us, who remember the snow of last winter, are more than thankful.

At the meeting of the County Medical Society yesterday Dr. Fugue read an elaborate paper on the surgical aspects of croup and diphtheria. It was an able and exhaustive treatment of the subject and was listened to with close attention by the society.

The Moss Case.

One of the most important cases tried at this term of Circuit Court was the insurance case of Mrs. Susan Moss, widow of Stephen W. Moss, deceased, against The Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Louisville. The case began last Tuesday and occupied about four days. By agreement, it was tried by nine jurors, to-wit: W. C. Davis, Jno. T. Johnson, Robt. McNeil, Col. G. M. Wolf, Geo. W. Shaw, Nelson Cross, Col. W. W. Witte, J. E. Johnson and Wm. Cravens. There were a large number of witnesses in the case and the evidence showed the facts in the case to be as here given:

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The jury agreed on Saturday with one exception the questions were answered favorably to the plaintiff. This was that Moss was deemed to be insane at the time he was insured. The answers favorable to her were that there was no fraud perpetrated, that the suicide was the result of insanity, that it occurred subsequent to the mailing of the policy at Louisville, and that the policy was not issued on account of any false statements of deceased, as he did not know that he was of unsound mind, upon the strength of these findings both sides asked judgment, and the matter was deferred until yesterday.

A severe wind, rain and hail storm varied the monotony of dry cold weather Friday evening about dark. The halostones were as large as birds' eggs, and the storm lasted until the ground was white with hail. We have heard of one or two parties who were knocked off their feet by the force of the wind and hail, but no damage was done beyond the breaking of glass in unprotected windows.

Mr. Aug. G. Reichert, who opened a jewelry store on South Main street a few days ago, is now in receipt of a very large stock of gold and silver watches, a beautiful line of silverware, gold spectacles, etc., and will add to his stock, in a few days, a line of the best make pianos, organs and other musical instruments. Mr. Olvey, a workman of twenty years experience, will attend to the repairing of which they make a specialty. Those desiring jewelry or musical instruments will do well to give Mr. Reichert an early call. An advertisement of his business appears in this issue.

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with phthisis, also Diabetes, the pains were almost unendurable, and he was compelled to allow him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles was entirely cured and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by H. B. Garner.

HERE AND THERE.

A new brick cottage for rent. Apply to J. M. STARLING.

The Basye-Day's company played to crowded houses in Henderson last week.

A bran new 6 drawer sewing machine for sale at a sacrifice. Apply at this office.

Anyone wanting to buy an extension-table can secure a bargain by calling at this office.

Will send the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN and Youth's Companion, Boston, at \$3.50 per annum, club rates.

Clemens J. Jones, an experienced Knight of the razor will assist Gray & Gill in their shop on Main St.

Three husbands were granted divorces from the bonds of matrimony last week, as seen from our court reports.

\$1,000 to loan, to be secured by mortgage on real estate worth double the amount. Apply to Ercathitt & Sutes.

Lucille Faxon, a little 2½-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Faxon, died Saturday and was buried Sunday afternoon.

Dr. H. M. Sherman has removed headquarters from the Burbridge House to his handsomely furnished rooms on East 7th street.

Look over your supply of job printing and see if you are not short of something, it so, bring your order around and get a job that you will be proud of.

LOST—A diamond shaped charm, with two small chains attached. Letter "R. L. W." on charm. A liberal reward will be given for its return to this office.

It is reported that a deer was seen four miles of the city one day last week. A party was organized and went out to look for it, but did not succeed in finding it.

Capt. Geo. White, of the L. & N. service, has taken the through run of H. D. Cole, from Nashville to St. Louis, who was compelled to give it up on account of his health.

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Number total 33; four cities having United States buildings.

In view of the millions of internal revenue paid to the United States treasury on malt and distilled liquors and tobacco by Kentucky, it is entirely reasonable and just to ask a trifling per centage in return, in the shape of an appropriation for a work of general importance.

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The ladies of the Episcopal church will give an oyster supper next Thursday night in the room formerly occupied by Jas. Fye & Co. at No. 3 S. Main. As the supper will be given for the benefit of the church, and the evidence showed the facts in the case to be as here given:

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

18 and 20 NINTH STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch one time, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$9.00; twelve months, \$12.00.
One cent per word, one week, \$15.00;
six months, \$90.00; twelve months, \$120.00.
For further information apply for card of rates.

Special local 80 cents per cent for each insertion, and 10 cents per cent for each insertion of ordinary notices over 10 lines, regardless of respect, announcements of festivals, concerts &c. in all entertainments where an adittance fee is charged, 2 cents per line for each inser-

tion.

Cheap Club Rates.

Subscribers to the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN will receive the benefit of the following club rates for advertising:
S. K. and Daily Courier Journal: \$12.00
" " " Weekly: \$10.00
" " " Commercial: \$8.00
" " " Farmers Home Journal: \$8.00
" " " Ladies' Home Journal: \$8.00
" " " Daily N. Y. World: \$8.00
" " " Semi-Weekly: \$8.00
" " " Sunday: \$8.00
" " " N. Y. Sun: \$8.00
" " " N. Y. Standard: \$8.00
" " " United Living Age: \$8.00
" " " Toledo Blade: \$8.00
" " " Cincinnati Traveller: \$8.00
" " " Daily Free Press: \$8.00
" " " Peck's Sun: \$8.00
" " " Ladies' Home Magazine: \$8.00
" " " Godley's Lady's Book: \$8.00
" " " Demarest's Monthly: \$8.00
" " " Household Remedy: \$8.00
" " " Cottage Hearth: \$8.00

[Communicated]

How Lawyer Kirk Settled a Muss and got His Start—A Narrative of Early Times in Hopkinsville.

About the year 182—Hopkinsville was but a little village of some 600 or 800 inhabitants and they considerably scattered. There were but few stores in the county outside of town. People who lived at considerable distances from town did not come to town more than three or four times in the year to barter their beeswax, ginseng, etc., for spun truck and the like.

In those days there lived a family in the Hindsburg country by the name of Prowler. The family consisted of old man John and two sons, Ike and Ben, one girl, Mollie, or Moll as she was called by the family and neighbors, and the old "woman," aunt Peggy, or Peg, as she was called, in her time. Old John was hardly known in town as well as in his district by the characteristic name of Boss Shanks, from the reason of invariably wearing his pants some five or six inches too short and his home knits so about the same, so there was a gap between the two of some inches showing a pair of yellow shanks somewhat scratched with brush and briars.

The boys and Moll had never seen a show, although they were 18 and 20 years of age and Moll was 16. The old lady had been to only one in her life. So when Boss Shanks came from town he electrified the people by telling that there was "guen to be a surcus show on the day—uv June with a shouf live clown." It was stated at once that all hands would attend. On the show day the Prowlers family were up early. The old man and two boys walking and carrying their jeans coats on their arms, old aunt Peg and Moll riding in a two-wheeled cart patched up by the Boss and his boys with body of clapboards and hickory withies, with old Jerry a very good blind horse hitched to it. They were loaded with "aigs and sang," which they had to sell for show money. In due time the loud noise now could be heard all over ravaging on the hardholt of his boyhood, the good looks of his daughter, Moll. Finally the hour arrived for the circus to begin, and in went the Prowler family. They enjoyed the performance hugely.

The tent was without top, just side curtains around. It was pitched on a lot that was then vacant, where Dr. Webber afterwards lived in the house now occupied by P. J. Mitchell, a law office. During the performance a lot of men and boys got up top of the old building that stood where now stands the elegant store rooms of Jones & Co., and Hopper & Son. During the performance the clown stopped suddenly in a song, and was gazing intently at the parties on the house top, (which was a hotel then.) "What are you looking at, demanded the ringmaster?" "We're looking at them buzzards gone to roost so soon in the day," he replied. (The buzzard was known ever afterwards when it was torn down, by the aristocratic name of "the buzzard roost.")

Well after the performance was over, Boss Shanks wanted to make the acquaintance of the clowns and suggest some points that he might make light of, but said, but aunt Peggy got him out. He had some trouble in finding the boys, who finally got together and went down to the spring when one of the boys made the startling discovery that Jerry and the cart were gone. After looking around for them a short time one of the boys started on foot out the road home to see if he could discover them. Mean while the Boss was talking to every one he knew, asking if they had seen the boys, and Jerry haint yet?" He had gotten so excited in the time that he was talking very loud, besides he had got pretty full in the rounds and a crowd of the town boys was following him around to hear him rave and say odd things. Finally he went in a grocery and after taking another drink he seated himself on a flour barrel and commenced talking to the boys, the scolding of the first blood shed in the thieving hole. "Look here, said Henry, the white livered skunk that staid Jerry outen his hide with one hand tied ahind me?" said he, "and Ile do it tu if Iever I find him; just to think Peg and Moll will have to hoof it home." Hold him sumbody yer know his temper," yelled a small boy near the door. "Hold who, yer think you're under?" and he made a motion to the back side of the crowd to the barrel. In the sudden jerk he over set the barrel on a dog's tail, the dog raised his share of noise to add to the general uproar. In the meantime some of the boys had slipped a full bunch of firecrackers in his coat pocket. So as soon as they got him comparatively quiet and gatched round to the back side of the crowd and fired to the fire-cracker. Then they all started in a hurried holloing, "look out Boss, look out for this, who's a trade"—bang, went th' crackers. Boss Shanks turned around several times endeavoring to discover what was up, but failed and concluded to get away as fast as his yellow shanks would carry him. Of

course the boys followed at a safe distance, holding at the top of their voices. "Hold on somebody here, we come." They raised very near the much excitement as the show did, until this matter is forgotten, and here is twenty five dollars, for you to live on during that time. You can pay me back if I ever call on you for it, otherwise it is all right." "I'll do it Squire, I'll do it," said Boss Shanks. And he did, feeling richer than he had in all his life, for it was more ready cash than he had ever fingered in his life before all his gold.

Kirk collected the \$75 dollars from Henley with part of which he had migrated to the west and years after was elected to Congress from that section. It finally dawned on Henry and the Hindsburgians that Kirk had led the horse in Henley's shed and put the bacon in the cart, was he who suggested to Henley that he had better look after his bacon after Boss Shanks was gone and advised him to have Boss Shanks arrested.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known now in the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and increasing the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The Proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars, for any case it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

So they got on the track and contrarily to their expectations the track led towards the back gate to the rear of the Henley residence, a large brick residence that then stood where the "Henry Block" now stands, a little back from the street. Into this gate the tracks led. The lawyer was in the car with pencil and book taking notes of witness. "I am here for reasons we will call him Esq. Kirk. Finally Boss Shanks discovered old Jerry and his cart in a shed that was boarded up beside the meat house of Henley. His courage came to him again and he wanted to call Henley, but Kirk persuaded him to defer it until some future time, as he had his family to consider.

So Boss Shanks made Ben lead old Jerry out of the gate and Ben threw their jeans coats in and after a good deal of loud talking in the way of threats of demolishing Henley, he got Peggy and Mollie in and started for home. They had gone about three miles when they were overtaken by the Sheriff, who asked Boss Shanks if he was John Prowler. "Yes sir, we are, at yes service," said the Sheriff. "I have a warrant for you." "Oh Lord what are a guy to come up uv us?" shrieked old aunt Peggy. "What is hit fur?" said the Boss. "For stealing bacon," said the Sheriff. "Now lookee here strong," said Ben, "we astn't no bacon and dad and gien back wid yer, yer here me." The Sheriff saw it was going mighty wrong so he soothed him and said "Don't be afraid, we will get you off." Then the old man ordered me to stop the dirigible. I had down all the time, and by slackening the head sails and brailing up the foretop-sail he'd got the ship up into the wind, and when the dingey was lowed down in her, and soon as I struck water I see what was the matter. We were stuck in a bed of sea-weed, and to the water, makin' the sign of the cross and goin' at a rate what was enough to set you crazy. They was just scared to death, they see the ship under full sail, and then I don't on to them niggers for ard."

"He hadn't more than got the words out of his mouth when the yellow devils came aft in a body and began to jabber away, pointin' up to the sail full, and to the water, makin' the sign of the cross and goin' at a rate what was enough to set you crazy. They was just scared to death, they see the ship under full sail, and then I don't on to them niggers for ard."

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